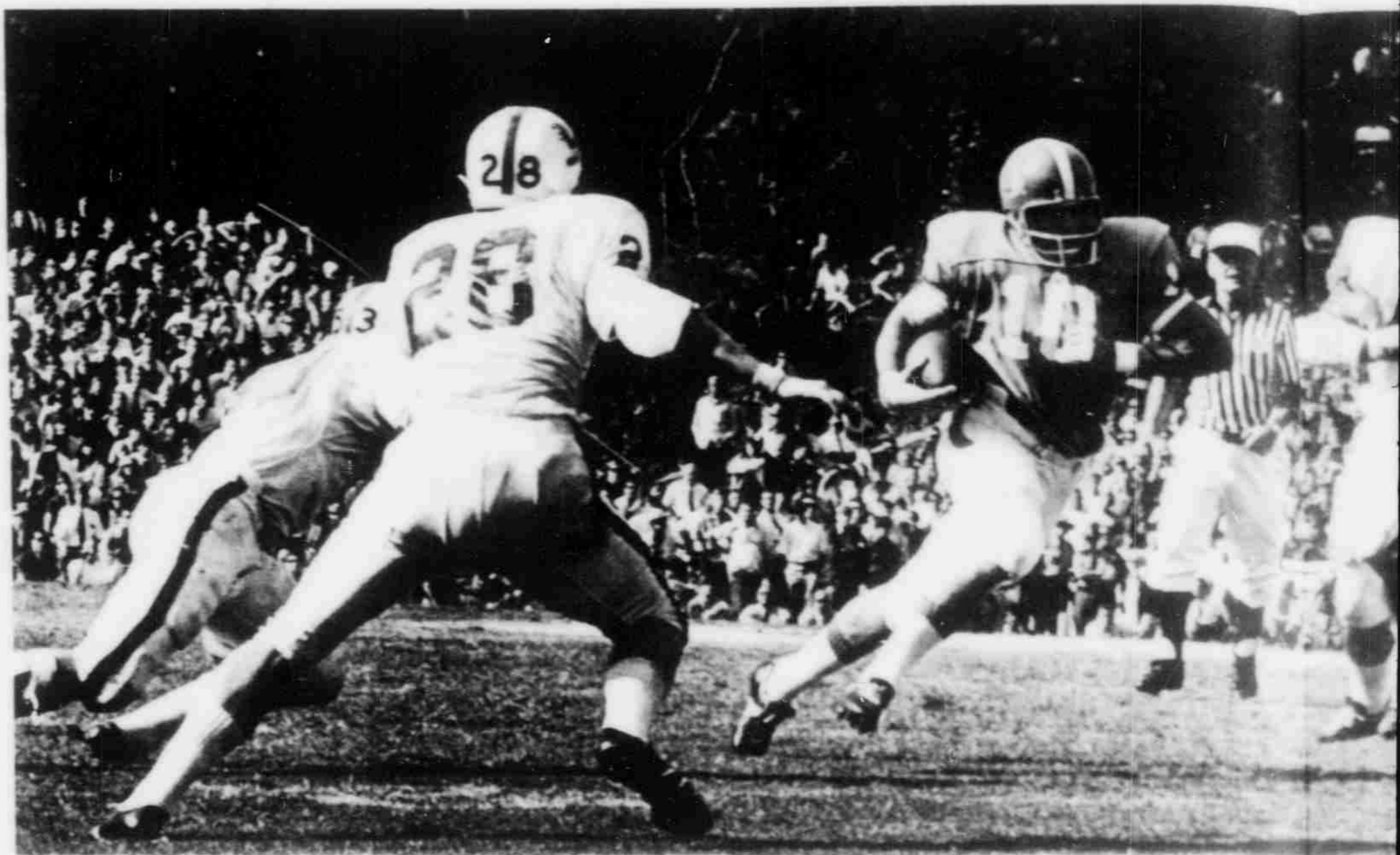
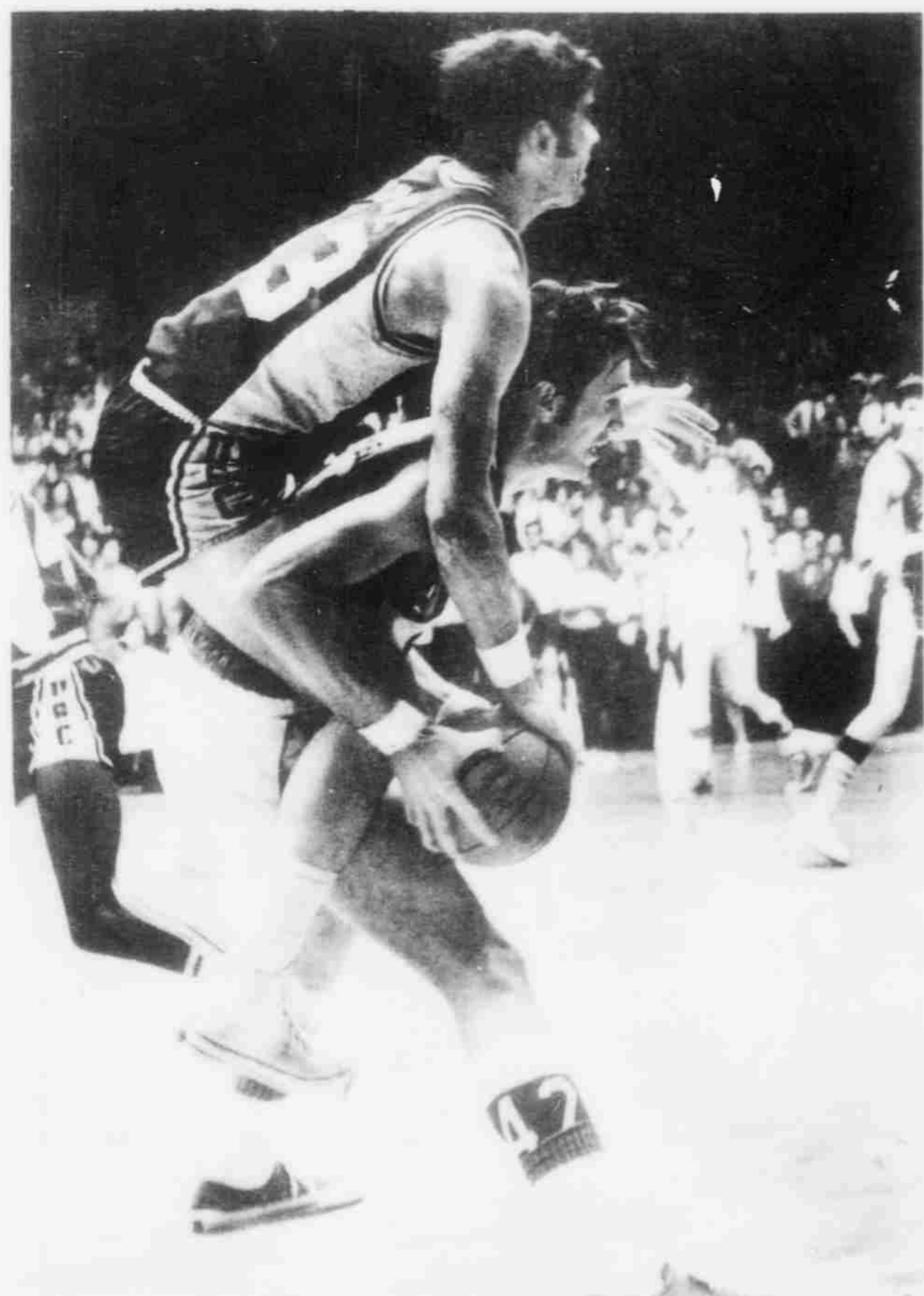




Pre-game festivities in Kenan



Mansfield runs for daylight



Huband fouled by Gamecock

Mark Whicker

1970-71: 'the year'

For many, 1970-71 was the "year of Don McCauley." Basketball fans preferred to think of it as the "year of the NIT."

For me, it was the year of the cigarettes.

Cigarettes are hazardous to your health. At least that's what the Surgeon General says. They turn your lungs from pink to dark brown, and make it very hard for you to climb the steps of Clemson's football stadium, for instance, without a Sherpa guide or a walking stick.

But I could always find my seat in the Kenan Stadium press box. They don't have ashtrays there, so the foot of my chair was laden with cigarette butts like presents around a Christmas tree.

I firmly believe it was the fault of Carolina's football and basketball teams. They cut it too close all too often. When they didn't cut it at all, I just smoked more and enjoyed it less.

I wasn't the only one hooked on the weeds. You know, like in high school: "Got a pack of weeds, man? If it weren't for the air conditioner, the press boxes would sometimes represent downtown Birmingham. And the coaches don't mind admitting it. Dean Smith smokes Kents religiously. Bill Dooley likes Salems at least every once in a while.

You could communicate the relative excitement of a game through cigarettes. Instead of the score, one writer might say, "How was the game?" the reply would be, "A pack and a half."

"Oh, pretty close, huh?"

There were a lot of those last year. In fact, just thinking about Carolina

Coliseum in Columbia makes me reach for a match.

For that reason, a smoker's journal of the football and basketball seasons at Carolina in 1970-71 might be the most apropos approach.

Sept. 12: Carolina-Kentucky in Kenan. Must have been 100 degrees and I found myself wishing for the first time that it would rain at a football game. Both teams seemed about equal but Carolina was a little more equal than Kentucky, 20-10. About three or four cigarettes, and they just made it seem hotter than it was.

Sept. 19: Carolina-State in Kenan. Another scorcher. Didn't look like we would ever break it open, and besides I had to visit the State locker room after the game. Rusty Culbreth got hurt, the butts kept mounting on the floor. Finally won, 19-0, and I lit a victory, uh, cigarette. First time we'd beaten State since 1966.

Oct. 3: Carolina-Vanderbilt in Nashville. The less said about that trip the better. We won, 10-7, but didn't look too good doing it. Almost a pack; it was some night.

Oct. 10: Carolina-South Carolina in Chapel Hill. A great game if you happened to be a disinterested spectator. There was too much to write about, too little time to do it, and besides the Tar Heels got our hopes up by tying the score in the third quarter. A punt return and an interception later, and it was USC, 35-21. A pack, easy; I was practically gulping them.

Oct. 24: Carolina-Wake at Winston-Salem. It was cool, clear and

invigorating; a great day to smoke. I needed to resort to Marlboros only occasionally as the Tar Heels built up an early lead and pushed Wake all over Groves Stadium. But as the Deacons came back, my throat started getting itchy.

My palms were sweaty. I reached in my pocket. Suddenly my winning streak was gone—I had run out of cigarettes. A bad omen. I knowingly watched Wake Forest win the game in the last three minutes and vowed to change brands.

Oct. 31: Carolina-Virginia at Chapel Hill. Armed with Winstons, I saw Virginia grab a quick 15-0 lead. Suddenly I just didn't care. If they were going to play like that, me and my Winstons weren't going to let it spoil my whole day.

Sure enough, Carolina came back with a great defensive performance and help from Mr. McCauley of course—and won, 30-15. About a half-pack.

Nov. 7: Carolina-VMI at Chapel Hill. The Tar Heels win, 62-13. Didn't even take my cigarettes and felt no worse for wear. The only suspense was wondering if Don McCauley would break some record. He broke so many I can't even remember which one it was.

Nov. 14: Carolina-Clemson at Clemson. We looked invincible and won, 42-7, on a rainy, miserable afternoon. I spent most of the game talking to a New Orleans Saint scout who had his mind absolutely blown by McCauley. The dollar signs were already in his eyes.

Then we flew back through a storm. The plane gyrated like Elvis Presley, and I was trying to type at the same time. The Myrtle Beach roller coaster wasn't much worse. Cigarettes made my stomach even lighter. About a pack, with extenuating circumstances.

Nov. 21: Carolina-Duke at Chapel Hill. The outcome was very much in doubt in the second quarter, as both teams fought like gladiators. Then Paul Miller pulled the hidden-ball trick and scored. I almost burned my coat in amazement.

This was McCauley's 279-yard day,

with five touchdowns. We won 30-14 and got a Peach Bowl bid. Almost great, but with pleasure, an infinitely enjoyable day.

Dec. 1: Basketball-Carolina at Tennessee in Chapel Hill. Everybody was wondering how the team would look and the Heels pulled away in the second half and won, 109-79. Very low cigarette. That's one thing you learn, don't watch them. Save them for clutch situations.

Dec. 5: Carolina-William & Mary at Williamsburg. The gym wasn't finished, wasn't heated, didn't have drainage drains. Carolina's bus parked at the end of the place. We won, 70-52, and my cigarettes managed to keep me warm.

Dec. 12: Carolina-Charlotte at Charlotte. The Bluejays were supposed to beat us, but the only tight moment of the whole night was a typical Charlotte traffic jam. We won 106-86 and looked surprisingly good. Whycyk got 33 points, Chamberlain 28 and I broke out about seven flat Winstons at the game.

Dec. 15: Carolina-Virginia at Chapel Hill. Whycyk got 30 and failed in one with an unbelievable layup while falling. We won our first conference game, 80-73. My first big cigarette night of the basketball season.

Dec. 30: Peach Bowl Carolina-Arizona State in Atlanta. Some when are press boxes 100 open? Great Field in Atlanta does, and because my overcoat was sitting on a stool (that I was freezing in the sunny South De wind kept nullifying attempts to light cigarettes).

In the beginning, Arizona State had the big lead, but our second quarter comeback was astounding. A 26-11 half-time lead, with McCauley carrying it nine straight times to a touchdown and surely the muddy field would kill Arizona State's speed. Funny thing about that Monroe Eley, though, 48-26, but Carolina wasn't disgraced against what had to be one of the top five teams in the country.

Jan. 4: Carolina-South Carolina in



Hamlin drives for yardage



Dedmon and Johnston go for loose ball